

## Prom Is For Communists

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# Prom Is For Communists

by [KillLaKillMe](#)

## Summary

Ryuko and Nonon hook up at prom.

“Ryuko if you don’t hurry up the limo will leave us and then we’ll be walking to prom!” Satsuki yelled into the younger girl’s room. She went back into her own room to strap on her heels. She couldn’t understand why her sister could never get ready to go anywhere on time. She was wearing a REVOCS original that she designed herself. It was simple white piece that was cut perfectly to accentuate her hips and bust.

“I’m coming!” Ryuko shouted, running out of her room, stuffing her foot into one of her sneakers.

“Why are you wearing your Converse?! This is prom! Not some My Chemical Romance concert!” Satsuki barked. “Go change!” Ryuko was wearing a black party dress that had red lace lining the bottom. Her hair was up in a bun with her red bang curled to the side.

“No! This makes me stand out!” Ryuko yelled back, folding her arms. “Besides, I’m going to be hella comfortable while you, Mako, and troll are going to be complaining about your feet all night. See, I’m thinking ahead. You and everyone else are living in the now.” She tapped her noggin for emphasis.

Satsuki smacked her forehead. “Just grab your things and let’s go. We should have been there a half an hour earlier to help Nonon set up.” She shrugged on her sweater and grabbed her white clutch off her bed. She then began to bound down the stair two at a time, impressing Ryuko with how fast she could move in heels.

“You know I almost forgot you wear heels everyday. So this is probably nothing to you.” Ryuko said, as she stepped into the limo driven by Sorori. They still had to go pick up Mako and Gamagoori, Uzu, Houka, and Nonon. And since she lived the closest, she was first.

“I have enough resolve to commit to something when I decide I’m going to do it, Matoi.” Satsuki answered back coolly, looking out the window.

Ryuko snorted. “You and this resolve stuff, sis. How come you couldn’t resolve the issue of you finding a date? Were the boys all scared of you? Do they fear your mighty eyebrows?” She teased, wiggling her own. It was true, no boy at Honnoji Academy was balls enough to ask out their beloved student council president, even after she had made then announcement that any boy, no star through two star, could ask her out without having to fear any consequences.

Unfortunately, many of the boys at school were still afraid of her. And unfortunately for Ryuko, since many of the boys were still afraid of Satsuki, they dared not to ask her out of fear that Satsuki would send Gamagoori to hurt them now that everyone knew the two girls were actually blood sisters.

So they wound up going together. In fact, the only people in their group that were going as dates were Mako and Gamagoori. Nonon had spent so much time planning the dance that she was too pissed to even look at a boy, Uzu thought he was too cool to ask anyone out, and Houka just wanted to come for the food.

“If I don’t stand corrected, you do not have a date either.” Satsuki huffed, her eyebrows furrowing.

Ryuko laughed. “Yeah, I know. But hey, more time to spend with my Giga Brow sis, right?” She teased, elbowing at Satsuki’s side. She honestly couldn’t care less whether she had a date or not. She wanted to get as drunk as possible, and she wasn’t about to let some boy weigh her down. Though she knew if a boy didn’t stop her, Satsuki would.

The limo stopped in front of a beautifully decorated three star house that belonged to no one but Nonon. Ryuko’s ears already rang from her annoying, shrill voice, and she hadn’t even gotten into the car yet.

The front door swung open, and out stepped the Deva in a short black mini dress and combat boots. On her head was a black beanie that had her usual giant monkey skull on it. She appeared to be on the phone as she walked towards them.

“Wha-She can wear some motherfuckin’ G.I. Joe combat boots, but I can’t rock kicks?! How fair is that?!” Ryuko barked, waving her hands at her sneakers.

“You’re wearing a REVOCS original cocktail dress. A dress that costs over two million yen. Something that you just found lying in your closet that is the cost of a year’s worth of American college education. And you pair it up with sneakers?” Satsuki rolled her eyes. “Yes, that’s absolutely fair.”

Ryuko crossed her arms and puffed her cheeks out. “Screw you, sis.” She mumbled under her breath as Nonon stepped inside the limo still yelling at whoever she was on the phone with.

“No, you listen to me, you dickless fuck!” She shouted. “If those balloons aren’t in that fucking gym by the time I get there, I will slit your throat and bleed you dry into the punch!” She threatened, furiously ending her call. She looked up to see the incredulous looks of the two girls in front of her. “What?!” She demanded.

“What crawled up your asshole and died?” Ryuko snarked with her famous shit eating grin as Sorori pulled of for them to pick up Uzu and Houka. She loved when she caught Nonon in one of her foulest moods. It was the easiest way to get on her nerves. And of course, whenever Satsuki was around, out of respect Nonon refused to hit Ryuko. But when it was just the two of them? Black eyes and bloody noses pursued.

“Shut the fuck up, you rat’s ass.” The pink haired girl bit back. “If you want to live see the end of the night, I suggest you keep your damn mouth shut.” She said with a glare, then turned over to Satsuki. “You look amazing, Lady Satsuki.” She complimented sweetly.

“As do you, Jakuzure.” Satsuki acknowledged.

“So I get rat’s ass, and she gets amazing? Wow way to show your bias, Troll. My mother designed this dress. Who designed yours?” Ryuko snubbed, sticking out her tongue. Not that she was proud to call Ragyo her mother. Only when it was convenient for her she did. Not that that was a lot of times considering what she did.

“Iori.” Nonon answered boredly. “Not that you would even know how to appreciate true fashion.”

The limo stopped in front of Uzu’s house. He and Houka both stepped out wearing jeans and tuxedo t-shirts. As they entered the vehicle, Nonon made a disgusted sound.

“You idiot! Why would you wear something so tacky to such an important event?!” She shouted, her voice going shrill. She had spent months planning this event and she’d be damned if a those two goofballs ruined it for her.

“Holy Jesus Christ stop yelling before I go death from your old woman voice!” Ryuko shouted over her, covering her ears.

“Relax, half pint. It’s just prom. It’s not the only dance you’re going to go to in your entire life.” Uzu responded, bumping fists with Ryuko. “Sweet kicks.” He said to her, nodding at her sneakers.

“See?! Sanageyama thinks my kicks are sick!” Ryuko said to Satsuki defensively, putting her feet in her her lap.

The older girl was not amused. “Yes, well, clearly you should accept fashion advice from someone who decided to dress in tacky casual for a formal affair.” She snipped, pushing the younger girl’s feet off of her. “And you could have at least cleaned them before you decided you wanted to be different.” She added, wiping off her white dress.

“It adds to my look!” Ryuko explained. waving at herself. “You’re the well put together one, and I’m the grungy little sister! You’re Lana Del Rey, and I’m Avril Lavigne! It works!”

“No it doesn’t, you look like you just walked off the set of I Write Sins Not Tragedies.” Nonon contributed. “The one time you could have cleaned up enough to actually look like an actual human being you chose to look like yourself.”

“And the one time you could have worn heels to be as tall as the rest of us, you chose to look like a child playing dress up.” Ryuko ridiculed, folding her arms with a smirk.

Inumuta whistled.

“She got you there, Pug.” Uzu said to Nonon with a snide grin.

“Shut up, Monkey!” Nonon snapped, kicking at him.

Sorori stopped in front of Gamagoori’s house as the bickering continued. Mako and Gamagoori piled in, greeting everyone as they finally headed towards the school.

“You look beautiful as always, Lady Satsuki.” Gamagoori complimented, a slight blush to his tan face.

“Your compliment is appreciated, Gamagoori.” Satsuki replied with a nod. “You look very handsome too.” He was wearing a bright white tuxedo to accompany what Mako was wearing.

Gamagoori blushed.

Mako clamped onto Ryuko, gasping in awe. “Ryuko-chan! You look amazing! You’re so original for choosing to wear sneakers instead of heels! I wish I’d thought of that!” She was wearing a simple blue dress with white heels.

Ryuko grinned. “Heh. Yeah, I know, I’m awesome.” She said, puffing her chest out proudly. She knew her best friend would back her up. Though she shouldn’t really take anything Mako says to heart, because she would say anything to make Ryuko happy.

“Yes, because you should totally take fashion advice from the underachiever when she looks like a glob of toothpaste.” Nonon jabbed, rolling her eyes.

“You look like the Kidz Bop version of the lead singer of Paramore, you of all people should not be talking!” Ryuko snarked back.

Nonon balled up a fist in anger. “You wanna go, you idiot?! Because we can fucking go!” She growled when Ryuko let out a cocky laugh.

The taller girl shrugged. “Sorry, my dad told me to never hit children.” The smirk smeared across Ryuko’s face infuriated Nonon even more. Ryuko was having way too much fun with this. Satsuki could see it too.

Which is why she stepped in before they made a u-turn for the hospital. “Cut it out, you two. This is a night where we’re all expected to get along. Anymore fighting and there will be serious consequences for you.” She told them sternly. Usually it would work, and the fighting would stop. If it didn’t, she made them do headstands for an hour. And no one won when it came to that.

“Yes, Lady Satsuki.”

“Fine, Onee-sama.”

Satsuki smirked at the formal way Ryuko addressed her. Usually she would call her ‘sis’ or ‘nee-chan’. But if she was ever in trouble, she’d come to her with her tail between her legs using that honorific. It made Satsuki feel powerful. “Good. Now let’s continue the ride to the school in peace, please?”

She was met with obedient silence. Smiling, Satsuki leaned back into her seat. Good. Now maybe she could finally get some peace and quiet.

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“Well that didn’t last long.” Houka commented as he handed Nonon and Ryuko both ice packs he had gotten from the nurses office. Not even ten minutes after they had walked through the door the two started fist fighting. (Which was really amusing in a way, given the height difference.) Ryuko snatched the pack from him and gave him an angry glare. Nonon

did the same. Putting his hands up in surrender Houka backed away. "Satsuki says you two are grounded by the way." He said before leaving them alone.

Ryuko put the ice pack to her forehead then leaned on the table groaning as the music in the gym thumped around her. She knew she was going to have a serious headache in the morning. She snorted. And she wasn't even drunk yet. "Oi, thanks for punching me in the forehead, you little shit." She said sarcastically, turning to the other girl who was leaning back in her chair with the pack to her mouth. She almost had the urge to kick her.

"No problem, you shithead. I love the bloody lip you gave me, you fucking asshole." Nonon responded, leaning forward to glower at her. They held each other's stare for a while, just scowling at each other, not saying anything. "Why are you such a prick?" Nonon asked after a minute, not breaking eye contact.

"Why are you such a troll?" Ryuko demanded back, her mouth dipping down in a frown. If she knew that she was going to be sitting in a corner with the girl she hated for the entire dance she would have stayed home. Though she shouldn't really be complaining since it was her fault. She hit first.

"I asked you a question first, you piece of shit." Nonon kicked her.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know we were in motherfucking kindergarten." Ryuko said, kicking her back. Nonon slapped her arm. Ryuko slapped her back. Nonon punched her in the stomach. Ryuko punched her in the boob. Nonon winced.

"Who's the kindergartner now? You fucking pervert!" The shorter girl shouted over the music, gripping her boob and blushing profusely. She couldn't believe Satsuki had ordered them to sit with each other for the rest of the night. She shouldn't have to sit out from the dance that she planned herself. It was all Ryuko's fault. She always had some stupid fucking grin on her face that just made her want to punch her lights out.

"Thinking about me?" Ryuko asked lasciviously, biting her lip with that same stupid shit eating grin. She knew that would further infuriate the other girl. She could feel the anger practically radiating off of her.

"God, you are the dumbest person on earth." Nonon mumbled exasperatedly, putting her head in her hands. "How are you even related to Satsuki-sama?"

"Well that's easy. We have the same parents. Duh." Ryuko stated, obviously not understanding the pink haired girl's sarcasm. Her eyebrows knitted when Nonon banged her head on the table. "What?" She asked, still clueless.

"Just, stop talking, you're making my mouth hurt." Nonon's words were muffled by her arms. She sighed and groaned. "I need a beer. Or an aspirin. Which ever comes first."

"Por que no los dos?" Ryuko said with a smirk.

"Since when do you speak spanish?" Nonon demanded looking up at her and snorting.

Ryuko snorted back. “I don’t. I heard it in a taco commercial.”

Nonon couldn’t help but let a chortle out at that. Of course Ryuko would be the type of person to learn something semi beneficial from a taco commercial. “Yeah, I guess I could go for both too.” She answered with a half smile.

“Too bad Satsuki made me make sure there was no alcohol.” She sighed. “She said Uzu and Houka would get wasted and start a game of beer pong.”

“What the fuck is wrong with that? That would be hella rad. This is fucking boring. Prom is for Communists.” Ryuko responded putting her now melted ice pack down on the table. She started to pick at the black plastic tablecloth that covered it.

Nonon gave her a bewildered look. “How in the hell did you come to that conclusion?” She half turned to the other girl, her mouth open in confusion. Ryuko has said some dumb things in the past, (Like the time she she said she was condensated and Satsuki had to explain to her the difference between condensation and constipation.) But this by far was the most nonsensical.

“Like, we spend money to get all dressed up to impress people we hate, go party with people we hate, and do regretful things with people we hate.” Nonon noticed Ryuko’s eyes shift to her for a second. “It’s dumb. I’d rather be home listening to Satsuki go on and on about her stupid, boring political debates.” Ryuko waved her hand disdainfully, while the other still picked at the tablecloth.

“That is the most profound thing I’ve ever heard you say.” Nonon said in astonishment. She quickly recovered from her awe. “It still makes no buttfuck sense but still, I get what you mean.” She coughed, feeling herself blush for some reason.

“I would answer you, but your fucking garters are distracting me.” Ryuko said after an awkward beat. She wasn’t even looking at Nonon when she spoke, she was looking down at the other girl’s legs. “You need to stop wearing those fucking things. They make me horny as shit.”

“W-What?” Nonon stuttered, flustered.

Ryuko jumped as if she had fallen asleep with her eyes open. She blinked. “Motherfucker. Did I say that out loud?” She asked, more to herself than Nonon.

“You idiot!” The pink haired girl shouted, slapping her.

Ryuko rubbed her cheek, mumbling curses. “Ow! The fuck was that for you gremlin?!”

Nonon seethed through her teeth, her face red. She couldn’t even believe how much Ryuko upset her. If she wasn’t friends with Satsuki she wouldn’t even deal with her. So why was her heart pounding so hard? Taking a deep breath, Nonon groaned in her hands. “Shithead?” She asked.



“What, you want to smack me again or something?” Ryuko muttered angrily. Her head already hurt from the blow she had given her earlier. The last thing she wanted was to be smacked again. Though something told her that wasn’t exactly what was going to happen. “Woah!” She shouted taken by surprise when Nonon roughly pulled her in for a passionate kiss. She moaned in surprise, returning it.

As their mouths meet in a embrace, Nonon slid her tongue out as Ryuko opened her mouth to let Nonon's tongue in. Their tongues started to wrestle inside of their mouth looking for dominance over the other, their breaths getting shorter and faster as they continued in this act. They pulled away and trail of saliva connected their mouths.

“Holy shit.” Nonon said, out of breath and in shock. “I don’t know why I just did that.”

“What do you mean you don’t know why you just fucking did that? Do you just decide to kiss people like it’s freakin’ New Years on a whim all the time?” Ryuko demanded, equally out of breath, wiping her mouth. “Because if you do, tell me because that was fucking rad.”

Nonon snorted. “How romantic of you.” She snarked, rolling her eyes. She pulled Ryuko close again. She barely even remembered that they were in public, at the prom, where everyone could see them. That was exhilarating, and she wanted to do it again. So she did. She initiated the kiss again.

This time Ryuko took over and brought her closer by pulling her by the nape of her neck. Nonon groaned from the force. Ryuko smirked into the kiss, leaving her mouth for a moment to graze her teeth over the shorter girl’s neck.

Nonon’s breath caught in her throat, and she gripped the table for support as Ryuko left her mark on the side of her neck. “You f-fucking shithead, how am I supposed to explain that to the others?”

Ryuko nipped at her earlobe. “Whoops.” She said, grinning.

Nonon swatted her away. “We’re not even dating! Get the fuck off me!” She made her point even more clear when she shoved Ryuko’s chair away from hers. “Thanks for the hickey that I’m now going to have to explain to Satsuki, asshole!” Nonon shouted, blushing.

“Why would you have to explain it to her? Are you guys dating or something?!” Ryuko’s face twisted up in shock and confusion. She had no idea that her sister could be dating someone so annoying. Or dating anyone at all, for that matter.

“What?! No!” Nonon barked. “She’s an observant person! Think about it, you idiot! We’ve been sitting here all night together. I didn’t have swollen lips and a hickey before we got here!” She put her head in her hands and groaned.

Ryuko snorted. “Houka and Sanageyma are the ones you need to be worrying about there, Troll.” Nonon glared at her. “What?! You know just as much as I do how much they perv out over the three of us!”

Nonon sighed. “Yeah, I guess you’re right.” She answered absentmindedly. She felt Ryuko pull at one of her garter straps. “Fuck. Stop that.” She breathed, half heartedly shooing her hand away.

“Ah, someone’s sensitive on her leg.” Ryuko mused mischievously, ghosting her hand over Nonon’s upper thigh. She smirked when she felt her tense under her touch. Ryuko snapped her garter strap again and whistled when Nonon let out a pleased groan. “My, my. Someone’s into some kinky shit.”

The pink haired girl punched her in the stomach. “Shut up. Let’s just go back to my place alright?” She offered, turning away from the other girl. She could feel the smirk developing on Ryuko’s features and she really didn’t want to see it.

“Is the all mighty Nonon Jakuzure inviting me to fuck her senseless?” Ryuko teased, kissing her hand. Nonon pulled her hand away from her and scoffed.

“Don’t make me change my mind, Matoi.” She said, getting up. She pulled out her phone to text Satsuki that she wasn’t feeling well and that Ryuko was walking her home. She walked out the gym with Ryuko following close behind.

“Babe, when I’m done with you, I’m gonna be the only thing *on* your mind.” She responded with that same stupid grin on her face.

Nonon made a gagging sound. “Dear god I hope you're not this corny in bed.”

Ryuko let out a loud laugh.

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